**Katie and Paul**

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**Katie and Paul Pt. 01**

A follow on story from Fancy Dress Frolics.  
  
That was based on a true story, this is my account of what could have happened afterward.  
  
It had been three months since the incident with Paul's friends. Paul and I had talked it through later and Paul had come around to my way of thinking. it didn't matter how much they saw, or what they shouted, in my eyes, none of them had touched me so harm was done. I'd actually enjoyed that they all liked seeing me in my state of undress if I'm being honest. Being used to walking around topless in my home has meant I had fewer inhibitions, but I didn't necessarily go out of my way to show myself off.  
  
"Would you prefer they all thought I was fat and ugly?" I asked Paul, "Or are you not proud that your friends think your girlfriend is extremely sexy?"  
  
Paul didn't reply at first, he was considering how to answer.  
  
"I suppose I was uncomfortable at the time," he finally replied. "All the guys kept talking about for the next week was how hot you were and how unexpected it was to see you wearing so very little in front of them, and how easily you just carried on as normal and laughed off what they were saying."  
  
"So are you saying that deep down you really enjoyed me showing off to them?" I asked.  
  
"As long as people are just watching, then I suppose I could get used to it," he said, a big grin on his face.  
  
"People?" I asked. "Are you planning on showing me off on purpose?"  
  
"I wouldn't say that, but if anyone were to see you I don't think it would bother me now, and I know it certainly didn't bother you!" he explained.  
  
The conversation was left there. I was glad Paul hadn't pushed the subject too far. He still knew nothing about my fancy dress party antics, and I had no intention of telling him. I'd never intentionally cheat on Paul, and I was trying to block that night from my mind. It had taken long enough to get around my flashing, finding out I'd shagged someone else would definitely be the end of us, no amount of explaining I thought it was him would help.  
  
Friday came and I got back from work just as the sun was starting to set. Paul was already home, he'd had an early finish. I walked into our living room and he greeted me with a smile.  
  
"I've got the whole weekend off work so I thought we could visit that new shopping complex that's opened. I fancy a few drinks too so we'll get the train up, ok?" he said.  
  
"Sounds like a plan, there's supposed to be some really nice designer clothes and shoe shops there," I replied.  
  
The shopping centre was about two hours drive away, so the train journey would be much quicker, and I wasn't going to turn down the offer of drinks.  
  
"Anyway, I'm going to get changed into some comfies but I'm going to shower first," I told him.  
  
"No problem, while you're showering I'm going to pop out for half an hour," he answered.  
  
I didn't get a chance to ask where he was off to, he was very quickly out of the door. I sauntered upstairs, entered our bedroom, and did my normal pre-shower routine of stripping off my clothes and then getting my replacements and laying them out on the bed. I'd turned on the bedside lamp which I always left on while I showered, and especially knowing that the room would be darker once I was out. Also as usual, and what Paul always remarked on, I had failed to shut the curtains. The main reason for him mentioning it is that our bedroom windows are full length as they open out onto a small balcony.  
  
I was about twenty minutes in the shower, got out and rubbed my hair as dry as possible, and then walked out of the ensuite and continued to dry my body. I casually tossed the towel on the floor, and lifted one leg, and placed it on the bed. I pulled out some ankle socks and placed one on my foot, then swapped legs and put on the other. I stood up and pulled on my fresh knickers, pulled on some loose-fitting shorts that I wore around the house as they really comfortable (and had easy access for Paul's wandering hands) and finally slipped on an old T-shirt. I decided not to bother with a bra as I'd only take it off at bedtime anyway.  
  
I walked downstairs and had barely boiled the kettle to make me a coffee when Paul returned.  
  
"Where did you get to?" I asked  
  
"I've been around to Geoff's house," Paul answered.  
  
I didn't know who Geoff was. I didn't work with a Geoff, as far as I knew neither did Paul, and he wasn't a family member.  
  
"Who's Geoff again, I forget?"  
  
"He's our neighbour. Probably in his 60's. Lives alone. Well I say neighbour, he lives in the next street down from ours," he said  
  
"How does that make him a neighbour, and how long have you known him?" I asked inquisitively.  
  
"Well his garden is the other side of ours behind the fence at the bottom, and I've known him for around thirty minutes," Paul replied.  
  
I was really confused now. Paul was telling me he'd been to visit someone he didn't know beforehand and I had no idea why.  
  
"You'll need to explain properly, why did you need to visit his house?" I asked.  
  
"I needed an excuse to be nosey, so I noticed he had a large red bush in his back garden, and went around to introduce myself and ask about the bush. Did you know he has a really weird set up in his living room?"  
  
I was still none the wiser why he'd been to this stranger's house.  
  
"You went to ask about a bush with someone you didn't know. That's weird. What was that about his living room too?"  
  
"Well, he has an armchair which faces towards the rear garden, but his television is in the opposite corner. I wondered whether he just liked to sit and look at the garden so I wanted to try it out. I asked if he could get me some cuttings from the bush to get him out of the way for a bit, and he grumbled a little about missing a show, then went on his way. Once he had left me I sat in the chair. I had a fantastic view of someone naked after showering."  
  
I listened to Paul talking and the words whirled around in my mind. Then the penny dropped.  
  
"Oh god, I was the show he was missing! Do you think he's always watching me?" I asked.  
  
"Judging by the large box of tissues next to the armchair I'd say he does more than just watch!" Paul laughed loudly as he told me.  
  
"Oh my word, you're always telling me about shutting the curtains too. I can't believe he's been wanking over me," I gasped.  
  
"Would you rather he thought you were fat and ugly?" Paul asked.  
  
Touché. Paul had used my own words against me. He explained it wasn't much different than with his friends, if he hadn't been to see Geoff I'd be none the wiser, and I didn't know that none of his friends had later wanked over seeing me wearing very little either.  
  
"How did you know to visit Geoff then?" I exclaimed.  
  
"I was in the garden one time when you were showering. I saw him looking out of his window and waved, thinking he was looking at me. He didn't wave back and I didn't know why at first, then I looked behind me and saw you walking around the bedroom naked. The bush was an excuse to go to his house, and it also got him out of the house for a while so I could check how good a view he has. He certainly doesn't need a telescope anyway!"  
  
I was a little shocked finding out an older man had been watching and masturbating over me, but at the same time, I could tell from my now damp pussy that it was also a bit of a turn on. Paul also didn't seem to mind, he even joked that maybe sometime I could put on a proper show for him, maybe with a dildo or something. Was he joking or was he urging me on? I couldn't gauge whether he was serious or not, so I laughed off his suggestion.  
  
We awoke the next day quite early to make the most of having as much time as possible for our day trip. It was already beautifully warm and there were no clouds in the sky. Paul showered and asked me to find out some clothes to wear, something light as we'd be walking around quite a lot when we got there. I found out a floral skirt that was almost knee-length but quite loose at the bottom and picked a white T-shirt and my white canvas dolly shoes to complement them. I also decided to wear a white lacy thong as it would be cooler. Paul shouted from the ensuite for me to wear stockings, but I told him it was far too warm for them. Begrudgingly he agreed.  
  
I left the clothes on the bed and undressed, and had just taken off my panties when Paul walked out. I showered, dried myself, and then got dressed. Paul had mischievously put some white hold up stockings on my clothes pile, but I declined his offer to put them on. I went downstairs to the kitchen where Paul was putting his phone into a small rucksack. He was wearing shorts with no pockets so explained he was taking the bag for his wallet and keys etc, and the bag fastened so the pouch was at the front for easy access (and also so someone couldn't try to steal anything without him noticing).  
  
He smiled that I hadn't taken the hint to wear the stockings, but seeing the outline of my nipples through my T-shirt realised I had also declined to wear a bra. He nodded his approval, and explained he was commando under his shorts too!  
  
We got the bus to the train station as Paul didn't how much he'd be drinking during the day, and he also didn't want to pay the extortionate parking fees at the train station. About halfway through the journey Paul suddenly starting laughing to himself, I looked out of the window to see what had made him laugh, but everything seemed normal. I turned to him to ask what was funny, and noticed he had his cock out!  
  
I quickly looked around but because we'd sat upstairs there were only 4 other people upstairs with us, and they were at the front. Paul went to stand up but I put my hand out to stop him in case one of them turned around, only to grab Paul by the cock. He groaned as he sat down, just as one of them turned around at the noise. I smiled and they turned back to the front, but Paul was still groaning, although a little quieter now. I looked down and realised that I had started to wank him off instinctively.  
  
I looked out of the window again to see where we were, and how far we had left before we had to get off the bus. We were just approaching the stop before the train station. I started to wank Paul faster and he threw his head back, then quickly removed my hand, stood up, and told him we needed to get off the bus.  
  
I laughed and ran towards the stairs down to the bus doors, leaving Paul to quickly fasten himself back up and get downstairs to get off the bus. As the bus stopped I jumped off onto the pavement and turned and looked for Paul. He sheepishly got off the bus holding his mini rucksack in front of his crotch, trying desperately to hide his still semi-erect cock.  
  
He playfully smacked the top of my arm while grinning at me, and said "I owe you one now, I won't forget."  
  
We walked across the road towards the train station. It wasn't one of the bigger stations, so it didn't take us long to pay for our tickets and go through to the platforms. We looked for the destinations board to see what platform we needed, our train was in fifteen minutes and we had to cross a bridge to get to the other side of the tracks.  
  
I asked Paul if he wanted a bottled drink for on the journey, and he said yes. The drinks machine was back over by the entrance so I walked back over the bridge. I selected what I wanted, and realised I hadn't asked Paul what his choice would be. I turned to shout to him to ask but realised he wouldn't hear me. There weren't many people by him, but a train was pulling into the platform behind him. I pulled out my mobile phone and rang him.  
  
"What flavour drink do you want?" I asked.  
  
He looked over at me and answered "I'll have water if they have any."  
  
"Yeah they have water, I'll get you one."  
  
Before hanging up I smiled over at Paul and lifted my T-shirt to flash my tits at him. Paul almost dropped his phone. Nobody else saw what I'd done. I laughed at him and hung up.  
  
I got back over to Paul just as our train was arriving. We got on the train and Paul selected some seats in the last carriage, furthest away from the driver. As there was no-one else in our carriage Paul sat right at the end and I sat opposite him so I was facing the back of the train. The rows of seats faced each other so I couldn't see if anyone was behind us.  
  
A little while into the journey I remarked on how warm it was on the train, and Paul smiled and said "Take off your top then."  
  
I laughed at him but realised he was being serious.  
  
"I can't take off my clothes on the train, people will see me," I said  
  
"There's nobody else in here, and if I see someone coming I'll let you know in time to put your top back on," Paul replied.  
  
I got up and looked about, and checked up the gangway into the next carriage along. No-one was in sight. I was getting a little too warm and decided if anyone did enter the carriage we were in I would have time to slip on my T-shirt before they saw me. I pulled the top over my head, making sure it wasn't inside out before setting it down on the seat beside me.  
  
Paul cheered and wolf-whistled me. I almost blushed. Strangely sitting there topless I could now feel a draught, or at least that's what I was telling myself why my nipples were suddenly standing to attention. Paul leaned forward and tweaked one, and a surge ran through my body. Nobody was about but I was getting very turned on.  
  
I suddenly got bought back from my daydreaming by realising the train was slowing. We were approaching a station! I grabbed my T-shirt to put it back on, but Paul stopped me.  
  
"Leave it off, you'll hear the doors open if anyone comes in," he said.  
  
I turned my head to look up the gangway but no-one was around. The train started pulling away and Paul said "Well they enjoyed the view anyway."  
  
I turned towards him and followed his gaze. Two men aged around forty were standing on the platform, their eyes on stalks as they marveled at my naked breasts on show. Without thinking I stood up to give them a better view and blew them a kiss. They both waved back with big grins on their faces.  
  
"I'm not sure who enjoyed that more, them, you or me," Paul said.  
  
I looked down to where he was squeezing his rapidly growing cock through his shorts. He unzipped the rucksack on the seat next to him and took out his mobile phone. Selecting the camera mode, he said he wanted to take some snaps 'to remember the occasion I made two voyeurs come in their pants'. I played along, Paul taking quite a few photos off me, some just sitting there, then playing with my nipples, then leaning on the seat rubbing my tits up the window. Paul wanted to go a little further and lifted my skirt, but I stopped as we were slowing for the next station.  
  
I sat back down and picked up my T-shirt ready, just as the door to our carriage opened. I quickly pulled on the top to Paul's disappointment, pulling it down just as an old man sat in the seats on the opposite side of the gangway from us. He sat facing the same way as me towards the back of the train but was turned slightly to see out of the window. I twisted to be facing him and lifted my top, just enough so the underside of my breasts were showing. I held that pose for a few seconds, then adjusted my top again. The old man didn't move.  
  
I looked over at Paul and he was nodding his head in encouragement. I lifted my legs to put my feet on the seat, my skirt was pulled around my knees so the old man wouldn't see anything from his angle, Paul, however, had a very good view of my very damp thong. I hooked my right hand, the one out of view of the man, and slipped it under my leg, and gently eased my thong away from my pussy. I bit my lip as my finger traced across my clit, and left it in place. The train bumped now and again which pushed my finger across my clit, and sent surges through my body.  
  
I glanced over at the old man and he was still oblivious. I put my legs back down, and keeping my gaze on him, reached under my skirt and slipped off my thong, putting it on the seat between myself and the window. I reverted to my original position with my feet back on the seat and shuffled forward slightly to get my arse as close to the edge as I could. Paul took out his phone again and making sure it was on silent and the flash was off, took a few quick snaps. I quickly reached for my clit again.  
  
Suddenly the old man got up, but instead of moving up the gangway, he sat on the other side of the seats so he was on the same side as Paul now. I quickly put my legs back down, and he looked over at us.  
  
"Silly me, I'm showing my old age," he said, "I've only just realised I've been looking at where we've come from instead of where we're going." He got comfortable but I noticed his legs were facing towards me so his view out of the window was awkward.  
  
We went through another stop, but nobody else entered our carriage. Paul showed me he still had the camera out and actioned that he wanted to take more shots. I glanced over at the man but he didn't seem to be noticing what I was doing. I put my legs back up, all the time keeping an eye on him to see if he turned to look. I slipped my hand under my skirt again, and this time slid two fingers straight into my now very wet pussy. I gasped louder than I intended and froze. He still wasn't looking. I started to slowly push my fingers in and out, Paul had placed the phone on his lap so it wasn't obvious what he was doing.  
  
I kept watching the old man while doing this, I was getting close to coming but knew I wouldn't be quiet enough to not give the game away. I pulled my fingers away and looked at the window the man was looking out of and caught his gaze. He wasn't looking out of the window, he was using it to try to watch me!  
  
I looked over at Paul and nodded towards the old man. Paul looked over at him and then realised the same thing. A big grin came over his face, and he picked up his phone. I saw him typing something on the screen, then heard my phone's message alert tone. I picked up my phone and saw I had a message from Paul.  
  
"Dare you to put on a show for him," Paul had written.  
  
"Are you sure?" I messaged back in reply.  
  
"Why not?" he answered, "You could always pretend it's Geoff watching you after showering!"  
  
Paul knew that since he'd told me about it, I'd mentioned a couple of times wondering about Geoff wanking over me, and wondering how many times he had. Secretly it had turned me on more than I thought it would, especially as I didn't even know who Geoff was.  
  
I looked back over at the man on the train. He could be Geoff for all I knew. He was certainly about the right age, Paul had described him as being in his 60's. I instantly made my mind up that I was going to pretend this was Geoff in front of me, and give him the best show of his life.  
  
I turned my body around so I was leaning against the corner of the seat and the window, so my legs were facing towards the old man. I still didn't want to make it too obvious, and we still had another 5 or 6 stops before we reached our destination. I stretched one leg out across the seats and turned to look out of my window. Using the old man's trick I could see he was now trying to look up my skirt. Without turning my head I bent my knee, and I saw him gasp as he saw my exposed pussy. He looked up at me to see if I'd seen him and saw I was looking out of the window. I then raised the other foot onto the seats, so he now had the same view Paul had had earlier.  
  
I looked at Paul and he had the face of an excited puppy, he was grinning from ear to ear. He nodded his approval, and I knew what he wanted. I stopped looking out of the window, stared straight at the man, pulled my skirt right up to my waist, and thrust two fingers straight into my pussy. My pussy squelched excitedly.  
  
The man looked up at us both, expecting to be shouted at. Instead, Paul nodded at him and asked if he was enjoying the better view now.

"Oh yes," he said, "It's been a while now since I saw a pussy that nice."  
  
"Feel free to show me exactly how much you're enjoying it," I told him.  
  
He looked at Paul for approval, and Paul simply told him he couldn't touch me unless I permitted him. I started pushing my fingers in and out of myself, and the man unzipped and got out his cock. It wasn't massive, about six inches long, but it was very fat and very hard, and the head was so purple it looked like it was going to burst. He started to wank while watching me, and I couldn't take my eyes off his cock. His strokes were slow and steady, but I was pushing my fingers in quicker and quicker.  
  
Paul suddenly stood up, pulled down his shorts, and thrust his already erect cock towards my face. I instinctively licked the head, then engulfed his cock, Paul pushing more and more into me until I was almost gagging. He knew I could take all of his eight inches down to the base, but only on my terms. He stopped moving so I could work my mouth on him, using my tongue on the underside of his shaft.  
  
My fingers were a blur now, and I gazed over at the old man. He was transfixed on the sight in front of him, and I heard him say he was close to cumming. I took my mouth off Paul's cock long enough to instruct him to rub my clit with his other hand, and the old man obliged. Before Paul had the chance to say anything I quickly went back to sucking his length.  
  
With my mouth full of cock, my fingers a blur on my pussy, and the old man working his magic on my clit, it didn't take long before my body shook with an almighty orgasm. I hadn't stopped convulsing before the old man groaned, and I felt splashes of his semen across my thighs, and one splash hit me directly on the clit. He sat back down just as Paul also started to come, coating my throat with his load as I took it all in.  
  
A few seconds passed before the realisation of where we were hit me, and I noticed we were slowing for another station. I saw the old man sitting there looking at his now flaccid cock, and threw my thong over to him.  
  
"Use those to clean yourself up as much as possible," I said, "And you can also keep them as a memento."  
  
He thanked me and took a good sniff of them before wiping his cock with them. He dressed back up and then looked out of the window. The train was slowing to stop again, and the old man stood up, shook Paul's hand, and then took my hand and kissed it.  
  
"Thank you for making an old man's day, or even year!" he said, "But I need to get off the train here."  
  
"That was really good timing," exclaimed Paul.  
  
"Not really," he answered, "My stop was about 30 minutes ago and my wife will be wondering where the hell I've been!"

**Katie and Paul Pt. 02**

We got off the train one stop after the old man. Paul checked me over to make sure my face wasn't showing any signs of what we'd been up to, but I had to use my skirt to wipe the old man's semen off my upper legs. My pussy was still a little damp, which was more noticeable when we exited the train and the fresh air breeze hit me.  
  
The station was huge, with twenty platforms in all, and there were a lot of people about. There had always been shops above the platforms, but it had been extensively redeveloped with a lot of big-name shops opening up. All of the platforms had escalators leading to a ticket checkpoint, which then exited into the complex itself.  
  
Paul decided he was getting hungry and wanted something to eat before starting our trek around the shops, and we found a pub that served breakfasts. We went in and ordered, and were told seats were available upstairs, and if we went up a waitress would bring our order up to us.  
  
The stairs leading up were next to a large glass window making them easy to see for customers, but it also meant that anyone sitting by the window could see up the stairs, and also up skirts if they looked at the right angle. I found this out after hearing a very audible gasp as I walked up the stairs, from a middle aged couple who very nearly spat out there food while asking each other if I really wasn't wearing knickers.  
  
We selected a table and only had to wait a few minutes before our order was bought for us. I may as well had been invisible to the blonde waitress who came with the food, she ignored me while very obviously flirting with Paul, bending over far more than was needed and showing Paul her ample cleavage due to having her top three buttons open on her uniform.  
  
Paul thanked her, for bringing the food and not for the show, and she scowled at me when I asked for some ketchup. Paul laughed at me and said I was going green with jealousy.  
  
"Your turn to put on a show?" I asked Paul.  
  
"I'm not getting my cock out in here!" exclaimed Paul.  
  
I slipped off my right shoe and reached my foot across under the table and lay it on his lap.  
  
"Push your chair back a little so she can't miss your erection," I teased.  
  
I started to massage his cock with my foot, moving back and forth while feeling it grow until it felt like it was going to burst out. I noticed the waitress returning with the ketchup, and moving my foot onto the chair, pushed it away from the table a little. She reached the table and set the ketchup down on Paul's side, even though he hadn't asked for it, and Paul thanked her again and glanced down at his own cock. This made her look, and she let out a gasp and bit her lip. She stood by the table for what seemed like forever, all the while staring at Paul's cock. Paul reached down and squeezed it through his shorts, which seem to bring her out of her daydream.  
  
"Enjoy," she said.  
  
"Oh I do," I answered, and smiled and winked at her.  
  
We gave her enough time to move out of earshot then both started laughing.  
  
"Oh boy," said Paul, "I see how you get turned on from people seeing you, and mine wasn't even out!"  
  
We finished our meals and drinks and left the pub, and decided on a route that would circle us around the entire complex. We looked at a couple of shop windows but weren't interested enough to browse inside, then I noticed a shoe shop. It was a major brand that had opened one of its largest branches in the new complex. Before he could argue I grabbed Paul's hand and led him inside.  
  
We looked around for the ladies' shoes and Paul moved away from me, looking at another section. A lady came over to me and said "If you need any help I'll be just over here. My name is Sarah, just call if you need me."  
  
Sarah was a little older than me, probably early 30s. She had shocking almost-white hair and was curvier than me. I'm known for my breasts looking bigger than they are due to my small frame, but she was at least a 36D. I looked over at Paul and noticed him struggling to look at her face while she spoke to me. She walked away and her ass was just as round. I glanced at Paul and he was still staring. He noticed me looking at him and turned his gaze away from her.  
  
"I don't mind you window shopping," I exclaimed, "If I were you, and single of course, I definitely would!"  
  
She got to her starting vantage point of the shop, and turned directly to me, and smiled. We browsed around the aisles, and I noticed a pair of heels with an ankle strap fastening. I called Sarah back over to me and marveled at her breasts jiggling inside her blouse. Although very noticeable, my breasts are quite firm and I was a little jealous that mine didn't move and grab attention as much as hers did. I told Sarah what size I needed to try on, and she pointed me to some leather cubes that they used as seats to try on the shoes. I sat on the edge of one and waited for her to return. Paul said he was going to carry on looking in the meantime.  
  
Sarah returned and I lifted a leg for her to place one of the shoes on me. There was a slight pause until she placed it on my foot, and she looked at me and winked. She picked up the other shoe but lifted my leg a little higher before fastening the strap. She gave a very quiet groan, just loud enough that I heard. I looked at her puzzled, then realised she could see up my skirt. I also realised I had no knickers on still. She had a very good view of my nakedness.  
  
She still had a hand on my lower ankle with my leg raised, and looked up at me and smiled. She then noticed my puzzled look and dropped my foot.  
  
"Sorry!" she exclaimed.  
  
"It's not a problem," I answered, "It's not your fault I'm going commando. I'm sorry if I shocked you."  
  
"I'm not shocked," she explained, "It's just the last thing I expected to see at work today."  
  
I'd never intentionally shown myself to a woman before, but I was getting a strange buzz out of it. Sarah not seeming to mind made it more enticing too. I decided to carry on showing off to her. I pointed out a pair of thigh length boots and asked if I could try those on too, but asked if she could also bring the next size up to see which fit best. She smiled and said she'd return as soon as possible.  
  
She wandered off to the storeroom and I noticed Paul had returned. I motioned to him to stay behind a nearby shoe rack so he could see what was going on, but he would be behind Sarah so she wouldn't notice him watching.  
  
Sarah returned with the boots and noticing I had removed the other shoes, started to unzip the boots. The zips ran down the inside edge of the boots. She asked if I needed a hand putting these on too, and I said that would be better rather than me struggle.  
  
She placed the first boot on my foot, then started to pull the rest up to my thighs. Of course, I had to raise my leg for her, and all the while she kept a constant gaze on my exposed pussy. She started to pull up the zip, paused when she got to my knee, and pushed my leg up further, and continued to push up the zip. My leg was that high I expected the whole shop could see up there, but nobody else was remotely interested in us.  
  
As she got the zip fully fastened her hand grazed across my inner thigh. I shuddered and she almost dropped my leg. I bit my lip and told her I was sorry for jumping.  
  
"No," she said, "I'm really sorry, my hand must have slipped, I didn't mean to touch you like that." She looked really apologetic.  
  
"I didn't jump because I didn't like it," I explained, "I just didn't realise how nice your touch would feel. Now I'm used to it I won't jump the next time." I may as well have just asked her to finger me there and then, right in the middle of the shop.  
  
"Thank you for not making a fuss," she replied, "But you do have really great legs."  
  
"Well, you have fantastic breasts so we both have something to admire each other for."  
  
She looked around to see if anyone was taking notice of us. Nobody was. Except for Paul of course, but he was out of her line of sight. I looked at him and he had the biggest grin ever on his face. He was also trying to hide his semi-erect penis.  
  
"Do you really like them, they're not too big?" Sarah asked, "Yours look perfect."  
  
"I do," I answered, "I sometimes wish mine were as big as yours. I like getting admiring glances but it's normally only when I have a tight top on."  
  
Sarah glanced around and quickly undid her top two blouse buttons. I now had a very good view of her lacy white bra, and her cleavage was to die for. I gave a very low wolf whistle and she blushed.  
  
She picked up my other leg and put that boot on, this time when she fastened the zip she left the palm of her hand on my thigh. This time I didn't flinch, and she left it there. I'd noticed she had on a wedding ring, and I could feel the cool of the metal on my very hot thigh. She glanced at my face and realising I wasn't going to stop her, inched her hand upwards. She paused once her hand was so close to my pussy, I almost fainted with anticipation.  
  
She looked up at me and I nodded, knowing she wanted my approval to continue. She looked around to again, then pushed her hand up so her fingers snaked across my clit. I bit my lip again to suppress a groan, as she circled her middle finger sending surges through my body. She leaned forward a little and our nipples touched, albeit through the fabric. I knew if she continued I was going to very quickly come, and I knew there was no way of disguising it.  
  
I put my legs back down and pushed her hand away. She looked like I was disappointed with her, but I told her her touch was so good I was close to coming so I'd had no choice.  
  
She looked around and then said, "Did you want me to continue?"  
  
I'd never been with another woman before but found myself telling her that not only did I want her to carry on, I wanted to return the favour.  
  
"Are you in a rush at all?" she asked.  
  
"No, in fact, I'm on a day trip so I have a lot of spare time."  
  
"Wait here a little while, I have an idea," she exclaimed.  
  
I told her to sort out the boots and the shoes as I wanted to buy them, and she said she'd get the till assistant to ring up the sale and to meet at the front of the shop in five minutes. I told her I would, and she scurried off.  
  
Paul wandered back over, and I told him she had plans for me.  
  
"I bet she does, I saw the way she was fingering you. Married too!"  
  
Paul then explained that he'd loved to have taken photos, but had to keep changing to make it look like he was looking at shoes and not so obvious he was staring at his girlfriend being almost made to come right in the middle of the store.  
  
We paid for the shoes and exited the shop, and waited for Sarah. She came out soon after, carrying a handbag. She saw me and smiled, then noticed Paul with me, her smile dropped as she approached us. I explained who Paul was and she looked disappointed and annoyed.  
  
"So what plans did you have for me?" I asked.  
  
"Well as you seemed to be enjoying yourself I was going to ask if you wanted to visit our local park. It has a very nice wooded area where you're not noticeable from the main park and walkways."  
  
"How do you know that?" I asked with a cheeky grin on my face.  
  
She held her hand up with the wedding ring on and explained she and her hubby liked to frequent it now and again, it was a turn-on for them to perform in public, but they'd only ever been over there together and not with anyone else. They'd only ever noticed one other couple there before, they were that turned on they hadn't noticed the other couple mutually masturbating until they'd finished.  
  
"Well, we'd better go and see what it's like then," I said excitedly.  
  
She looked at Paul and then back at me, and looked confused about what to do. I realised her dilemma.  
  
"Have you never cheated on your hubby before?" I asked.  
  
"Not with another man, no. He knows I fancy other women too, and as long as I tell him about it afterward he lets me do so. He'd hit the roof if another man had been inside me though," Sarah said.  
  
"Well if you don't mind him being there I'm sure Paul will be happy just to watch us. Or at least look after himself. In fact, he'd probably be as happy as me to see you naked."  
  
She looked at Paul and he nodded. "No touching unless you insist!" he said and laughed.  
  
She nervously laughed back and then told us to follow her, it was only a few minutes walk away. We let her walk in front so we could both stare at her ass. I don't know who was more excited, me or Paul.  
  
We got to the park and went through the entrance gates. Once inside the path split to go around the edge of the park. Turning left would take us down towards a children's play area, there was a big grassy area through the centre with a few benches and tables dotted about, making a good picnic area, but we took the path to the right which led to a heavily wooded area, normally used by dog walkers.  
  
Sarah led us around the path and then into a small path cutting through the trees. It was quite narrow so we had to walk in single file now. It took us about a minute until we got to a small clearing. Sarah put down her handbag and reached inside, fishing out a rolled-up picnic blanket, which she opened out and spread across the floor. The floor wasn't grassy, but there were a few flowers and weeds which made it softer underfoot than it appeared.  
  
Standing on the blanket Sarah very quickly undid her blouse buttons and reached behind and undid her bra. As she slipped it off she looked and Paul and I standing sheepishly gaping at her.  
  
"Don't worry," she said, "Nobody can see us through the trees unless they follow the same path we came up."  
  
She didn't hesitate and undid her skirt zip, and let that slip to the floor. I looked at Paul, and pulled off my T-shirt, and threw it by her handbag where she had been piling her clothing too. My skirt was easy to push down without undoing, and I pushed it until it also fell to the floor, and I stood there naked. Sarah had slipped off her knickers too, and she walked over to me. She put one hand right onto my breast and squeezed my nipple, the other went straight between my legs and found my clit. I shuddered at her touch but found myself wondering what to do.  
  
"What would I like?" I thought to myself, "What do I enjoy Paul doing?"  
  
I eased a little and lowered my head, taking one of Sarah's nipples into my mouth. They were very big, and I let my tongue swirl around each one in turn. I lightly bit on one and Sarah groaned, at the same time I lowered my hand down and started to rub her clit too. We stayed like this for a while until Sarah felt my body trembling more, and she stopped and lay me down on the blanket. She lay down next to me and moved me so that we were in a 69 position, with me on top.  
  
She instantly moved her tongue to my clit, and I cried out in ecstasy. I put my arms on the floor behind her legs and used my elbows to pull her knees back so that her legs were spread right open. Her pussy opened up before me, and it looked so inviting. I'd never been with a woman before but had tasted my own juices when licking my dildo clean after a good session, or when cleaning Paul's cock after he'd been shagging me. I bent forward and my tongue found her clit, and I tried to follow both what she was doing, and what Paul did that I liked.  
  
I must have done something right as Sarah was thrusting her arse up at me to get more friction. I looked up at one point and noticed Paul had kicked off his shorts now and was wanking his cock with long, slow, strokes. He was staring straight at Sarah's exposed pussy. I stopped licking Sarah long enough to ask her to swap, and we rolled over so she was on top. I went back to licking her clit and glanced up at Paul, and he'd changed his angle now so that his cock was pointing right at Sarah's arse. It must have been very inviting now she was in doggy position in front of him.  
  
I decided to help him out and moved my hands up Sarah's thighs, and then pulled her arse cheeks apart. I hear him gasp and he quickened his strokes, but then slowed again like he was pacing himself. I fed a couple of fingers into Sarah's pussy, she was so wet they slid in very easily. I knew what I liked when Paul went down on me, so I removed my fingers and placed them at the entrance to Sarah's arse. She didn't resist so I pushed both fingers in, they went in easier than I expected. Sarah groaned at the same time as Paul did.  
  
Sarah paused licking me just long enough to ask me not to stop, and then proceeded to do the same to me, first inserting one, then two, fingers into my arsehole, while putting the other two into my pussy. She waited for my arse to get used to it, then quickened her pace while still licking me. It didn't take long before my orgasm came over me, and I shook like mad. Her orgasm also arrived, her juices flowing into my mouth although judging by her convulsions it wasn't as strong as mine.  
  
We rolled off each other and lay on the blanket. I looked up at Paul who still had his cock in his hand, but had stopped stroking it.  
  
"Ah bless, he looks all miserable and left out," I said.  
  
Sarah turned her head and looked at his cock, it was the first time she'd seen it and she looked impressed with his size.  
  
"I'm surprised he hasn't come yet," I continued, "He was very turned on staring at your beautiful arse. At one point his cock must have only been about six inches away, I really thought he was going to come right on your arsehole."  
  
I got on all fours and crawled by him, then knelt up and took his cock in my mouth. It didn't take long for him to be fully erect again, and I coated his cock with my saliva and his pre-cum. I took my mouth off him and beckoned Sarah over.  
  
"Fancy giving me, or rather Paul, and hand?" I asked.  
  
Sarah looked nervous but also hadn't been able to take her eyes off his cock. She moved over to us but made sure we knew she wasn't going to fuck him.  
  
I knelt at Paul's side, and used my mouth to move up and down the side of his cock. Sarah knelt the other side of him, our tongues combined at the underside of his cock, and Paul groaned his approval. We continued to slide our mouths up simultaneously like we were wanking him with our mouths rather than our hands.  
  
I stopped and grabbed Paul's cock. Sarah looked at me to see what I had in mind, and I fed Paul's cock into her mouth. She took all of his eight inches right to the base the first time. I was impressed! I could deepthroat Paul eventually, but if I tried to too quick I ended up gagging too much.  
  
Sarah slid her mouth right to the head of Paul's cock so that it almost came out, then sunk back onto him again so that her nose was nestled in his fine trimmed pubic hair. I left her to it, and I don't know what made me do it, but I went behind her and started to rummage through her handbag. My hand found something interesting, and I pulled out a hairbrush.  
  
It was a normal-looking hairbrush, except the handle was very thick, about five inches long, but had a silicone feel with lots of soft rubber bobbles on, for a better grip while using it. I looked back at Sarah and she was still deepthroating Paul. I maneuvered behind her and rubbed her pussy with my spare hand. She was still very wet. I took my other hand and rubbed the brush handle along her slit, coating it with her juices. She flinched but didn't stop. When I thought the handle was wet enough I inserted it into her pussy.  
  
Sarah stopped momentarily, looked behind her, and pushed back onto the handle until she was right down to the brush part. She pulled forward again, at the same time taking Paul back into her mouth. I held the brush still while she worked up a rhythm, then releasing the brush I put one hand underneath her to play with her clit, and worked two fingers into her arse so she was completely plugged. I quickly timed pushing my fingers into her arse and she pushed back down onto the brush and rubbed her clit as fast as my fingers could go.

It didn't take long for Sarah to start to shake uncontrollably and has her orgasm ripped through her, this time it made her legs turn to jelly and she flopped to the floor. She did however beckon Paul over and squeezed her breasts together. Paul instantly knew what she wanted, and taking a step forward he took aim, started stroking furiously, and then let stream after stream of cum spray over her breasts. There was loads of it, I couldn't remember the last time Paul shot so much out.  
  
We lay there spent for a little while until Sarah starting using her fingers to remove Paul's sperm from her tits, then licking her fingers to savour his taste. She grabbed the corner of the blanket and wiped herself down before standing up to get dressed. She told us to use the blanket to clean up too as she'd put it to be washed as soon as she got home. She reached into her bag and said she would have to rush back, her dinner break was almost over.  
  
We got dressed and returned the way we'd come to get back to the complex. I asked if she and her hubby went over there much, and she explained that not as much as they liked, her hubby worked away a lot. She admitted she actually went over there more on her own, hubby knew she did but not how frequently.  
  
"Have you ever been caught over there, apart from the couple when you were together?" I asked.  
  
"Not really," she replied, "Although there was an incident once on one of the earliest visits I'd made on my own."  
  
She explained that she had the idea of going over there alone during her dinner breaks. Has they had a communal space to leave their belongings she could answer why she had a picnic blanket by saying it was to sit on while eating. She'd been looking around the shops one day and had seen the hairbrush, and knew it would make a perfect replacement dildo. A dildo in her bag would take some explaining, nobody would bat an eyelid at a brush in her bag.  
  
"So what was the incident?" I asked.  
  
"Well, the same day I bought the hairbrush I couldn't stop feeling the handle and wondering what it would feel like inside me. I decided to visit the park that dinner time, I lay the blanket down as normal and got on all fours. I slid the handle into my pussy and was groaning so loud I wasn't sure if anyone could hear me from the path."  
  
My heart was racing as I listened, I was imagining myself in Sarah's place.  
  
"It was only the second time I'd been there on my own," she continued, "So I decided the best option was to face the corner of the blanket, and pulling it up I bit onto it to stifle my groans. I was there for about ten minutes I think, didn't change position at all, and had the best orgasm I'd had for weeks. I hadn't taken off my skirt, just pulled it right up around my waist and removed my knickers. when I finished and turned to put them back on I couldn't find them, and then I noticed four of five streams of semen on the corner of the blanket opposite to where I'd been biting."  
  
"So someone had been there with you?" I asked excitedly.  
  
"Well, I presume someone had followed me in and had wanked off behind me trying not to make a noise and interrupt me. Must have stolen my knickers as a trophy too," she said.  
  
We'd got back to the shoe shop now, and Sarah kissed both of us on the cheek, thanked us for a lovely walk with a big grin on her face.  
  
"Shall we go home," asked Paul, "I don't think I've got the energy to carry on shopping now...

**Katie and Paul Pt. 03**

I was very bored. I'd booked a week off work, the weather had been so hot lately I was hoping Paul and me would be able to get away for a few days, but Paul's law firm had a really big case on at the minute, and a lot of them had had to go up north to work on the case, so were stopping in a hotel.  
  
I'd been out of bed for about an hour and was still naked. I was used to sleeping naked anyway, but being on my own and not planning on going out anywhere, I couldn't be bothered to get dressed.  
  
I'd woken up horny, I had no recollection of what I had been dreaming about, but judging by my damp pussy it must have been a steamy dream. I'd put my hands down to touch myself and then rolled over to see if Paul was awake and up for some morning fun. Of course, he wasn't there. Damn.  
  
I looked at the clock on the wall in our kitchen. It was almost midday. I wondered if Paul had any free time at the moment, maybe I could persuade him into a bit of phone fun.  
  
I picked up my phone and made a facetime call to Paul. He answered quickly, in the background I could see lots of people scurrying around.  
  
"Hi babe," I said, "Do you have fifteen minutes spare?"  
  
"Katie, I'm really sorry, but I'm going to have to end the call soon. We've been called into a meeting, we've had some potential new evidence that we need to do a lot of research on. It could prove decisive."  
  
I knew he wouldn't be able to elaborate any further on what he meant, and although disappointed I couldn't really argue.  
  
"No problem, I was just really bored," I explained.  
  
"Sorry again," he said, "I need to go now. Love you," he answered.  
  
I didn't get a chance to reply before he ended the call. I looked around almost begging for an idea of how to fill my time. I decided I'd go and take a shower, and then entertain the idea of getting dressed and maybe going shopping.  
  
I wandered upstairs and moved around the bedroom finding clothes out to put on. I still hadn't decided if I was going to bother going out or not, but still got things ready just in case. Paul would be playfully moaning at me again now, not only were our bedroom curtains not closed, but I'd also opened the full-length glass doors to our balcony to let some fresh air in. I wondered if Geoff had spotted me yet.  
  
Paul had told me a while ago that Geoff sits in his living room and watches (and masturbates) over seeing me naked around the bedroom.  
  
Our balcony isn't that big, it's as wide as the bedroom itself, and about ten feet only to the edge, but is surrounded by a four-foot-high glass balustrade, to allow a view out over the neighbourhood. It also allows Geoff an unobstructed view into our bedroom. Our only use for it normally is for a sunlounger.  
  
The way our houses are situated, we're at the end of a curved road, so neither of our neighbours can see onto the balcony from their houses. The street where Geoff lives is down a hill and further down the estate, so we have a great view over those houses looking down towards the city.  
  
My shower didn't go to plan, as I kept the shower head pointed at my pussy for far longer than I needed, which had made me horny again. I dried myself off and left the ensuite to enter the main bedroom. When we bought the house there were several cameras dotted about various rooms which were intended to be part of a security lookout if needed. Paul had however changed the use of the one in the corner of our bedroom, by pointing it towards the bed and giving access to his laptop. The idea he had was to record our lovemaking, however, that didn't go to plan as usually we'd end up in different parts of the house so the tapes were mostly just a view of the bed.  
  
An idea quickly came into my head. As Paul couldn't be here, I could make a recording for him. I switched on the laptop and clicked on the app for the camera. It came into view on the screen but was pointing towards the very bottom of the bed. It must have been knocked sometime. Turning the laptop a little, I sat on the end of the bed until I could see myself on the screen. Unless I stayed right on the edge, Paul wouldn't see a lot. I clicked on the arrow keys which had been programmed to zoom in and out, and after zooming in too far, and got a close up of the balcony. I went to alter it back when I noticed movement on the screen.  
  
I sat puzzled for a second, tried to follow where the camera was pointing, then realised it would be aiming towards Geoff's house. I had another idea.  
  
I picked up my silk dressing gown and slipped it on, making sure not to fasten it. I looked around the bedroom and found my sunglasses and put them on. I walked out through the doors onto the balcony and pretended to look up to see where the sun was in the sky. My dressing gown was billowing about in the light breeze, I may as well have been naked. I moved the lounger to one end of the balcony and made out I was positioning it to face the sun. Because I had sunglasses on I could check to see what Geoff was doing. I needn't have bothered, as expected he looked like he had settled into his favourite chair, the one facing towards our house.  
  
I made sure I bent right over a couple of times while moving the lounger, the dressing gown riding right up over my arse so I knew he'd get a great view of it.  
  
I went back into the bedroom and slipped off the dressing gown. I got the laptop and clicked the wrong zoom button, and zoomed in even further. Geoff was in full view on my screen now. I'd never actually seen him, Paul had just described him as living alone and being in his 60s. He had on a white shabby vest with a few holes in it, and he was quite a large man, at a guess I'd say he was about sixteen stone. His stomach was huge, and he was sweating profusely. This was the man who had been masturbating over me. Part of me wished I'd never seen him now that I had. However, another part of me was very glad I had seen him.  
  
Geoff was sitting on the edge of his chair seat, his trousers had been removed and dumped on the floor. One thing was very noticeable though, his cock looked huge! He was stroking slowly, obviously waiting for me to come back into sight. Paul is a very decent eight inches long, Geoff's cock looked as big if not longer still, but it was very fat. His podgy fingers barely met as they gripped his shaft.  
  
I found myself getting slightly repulsed that I was getting turned on by this man, but if I could somehow block out the rest of him and just focus on that cock, I'd be alright. I adjusted the zoom on the camera again, making sure that Geoff was still visible, but wouldn't be able to use the bed at all as I wouldn't have been in the shot apart from possibly my feet if they were in the air.  
  
I pressed record on the laptop and moved toward the bedroom windows. I pulled one back shut, but stood by it while I put my hand down towards my pussy. I shuddered when I touched my clit, but stroked gently. I could feel my juices start to trickle down my leg. I pushed two fingers up myself, thrust them in a couple of times, then held them still. I gazed towards the laptop screen, making sure I still had a good shot of Geoff in the background.  
  
I thought to myself, if I'm going to put on a show, I'm going to make it a very good one. I moved away from the window and opened the drawer on my bedside table. My underwear was in the top drawer, this drawer contained my toys. I picked out one I enjoyed using, it was a lifelike butt plug but it had a jewelled end. I especially liked it as it was six inches long and had realistic veins on it, so every movement with it in was accentuated. I also knew the jewelled end would glisten in the sunlight. I also found out my favourite toy, and it was perfect for times like this.  
  
Paul had been away somewhere for a few days before, and when he returned he had bought back a custom made suction dildo. It was custom made because it had been moulded from Paul's cock itself. Now when he wasn't home I could use it and it felt like Paul there.  
  
I moved back to the position I'd been in before and used my pussy juices to lube up my fingers. Making sure my arse was facing towards Geoff, I moved two fingers in and out of my arse until I thought it was ready. I put the butt plug in place and pushed slowly until it was all in. I glanced at the screen and could see the sunlight shining off the jewelled end. There was no disguising what I had just done. I turned slightly to the side so that Geoff could see me start to suck on the suction dildo, coating it as much as possible with my saliva. I crouched slightly and faced the window, and stuck the suction cup to the window. I stood up, adjusted the height of the dildo a little, and turned my arse towards Geoff's direction again.  
  
Using one hand to guide it, I eased the dildo into my pussy, making sure to wiggle my arse as much as possible. I started to ease back and forth on the dildo, taking it all in and letting it nearly slip out before sinking fully on it again. From this angle I could watch the screen properly, I couldn't see the dildo itself, but could see Geoff wanking his big cock behind me. Just looking at that cock made me shudder with excitement again, and I started thrusting a bit quicker while fingering my clit. My thoughts turned to me recording this, it was supposed to be for Paul, and I doubted he wanted to watch a video of Geoff wanking over me.  
  
I needed to change position for Paul's benefit, so I eased myself off the dildo and took it off the window. It was soaked in my juices, and there was some running down the window itself. I took the dildo out onto the balcony itself and placed the suction part on the tiled floor. I glanced towards the screen and bent my legs down to sit on the dildo. I still had my back to Geoff, I eased myself down but this time took the dildo into my pussy very easily. I kept my back as straight as possible and alternated between pulling at my nipples and rubbing at my clit. Paul would have had a great view of me riding the dildo reverse cowboy style.  
  
After about ten minutes of this, I decided to turn around. I eased myself off the dildo, turned to face Geoff's house, and sat back on the dildo. I quickly settled back into the same rhythm as before and could feel the start of my orgasm churning up my insides. I took my hand off my clit to prolong my not cumming, and placed them on the balustrade, leaning forward slightly. I continued to ride the dildo taking it long and slow, still having my sunglasses on I could watch Geoff intently. I assumed he had been enjoying it, there were several crumpled up tissues on the floor around him as evidence. He either didn't have a problem still maintaining an erection, or he had taken many viagra!  
  
I stared at that great looking cock of his as he stroked it. Oh god, was I really watching this overweight old man wanking over me?  
  
"No!" my mind shouted at me, "It's not him at all, it's just that cock would feel so nice."  
  
I was getting to the point now where I couldn't hold out for much longer. I got off the dildo and now stuck it onto the balustrade at arse height. Making sure I had turned so both Geoff and Paul could see, I carefully removed the butt plug, and started to lick my juices from it. From the corner of my eye, I think I almost saw Geoff fall from his chair at the view. I put the butt plug down on the floor, got onto all fours, and backed up to the suction dildo. I reached back and guided it into my arse instead. I took a couple of inches at a time but because I'd had the butt plug in for a while now it was more comfortable so I took the whole eight inches up me with ease.  
  
With my arse now full I picked up the butt plug again, looked straight at the camera, and proceeded to deepthroat it. I held it still so that as I eased off the suction dildo in my ass, I took all of the butt plug into my mouth. I hated myself later for thinking it, but I imagined the cock in my arse was Geoffs. I thrust back and forth on it, picking up a furious pace. I held the butt plug still with one hand while I continued to suck on it, and used to other to now furiously rub at my clit.  
  
It didn't take that long like that for me to come, I felt my juices spray out of me and heard them splashing against the glass balustrade. I collapsed in a heap with the suction dildo still in my arse. I didn't know if Geoff was still watching or not, but I couldn't move. As my orgasms went, that was one of my strongest. I felt like my whole body had turned to jelly. Eventually, I slowly eased off the dildo and turned and removed it off the balustrade. Geoff wasn't in his chair.  
  
I picked up both the dildo and butt plug, went back into the bedroom, and looking at the camera mouthed the words "love you" before stopping the recording and going back in the shower.  
  
I only hoped that Paul enjoyed the video when he got back as much as I'd enjoyed making it...